THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THOUGHTS BY A GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MARIE.

I remember, I remember, in my grandsire's halls of old,
When the sunset was but descending, and the night was long and cold,
And the fire was brightly blazing, upon the ample hearth,
How we gathered round its brightness, in sadness or in mirth.

And in those happy childish hours, how well I loved to pore
O'er histories of ev'ry clime, or books of ancient lore;
Or hear the tales of Jesse's love, his hour of agony,
While in the garden by the brook, or on Mount Calvary.

Till my heart swelled with sympathy, and my eyes fill'd with tears,
And I wept with those who wept at my mother's intense woes.

Would one oft the tresses from my brow, with soft and gentle hand,
And bless me as he prayed, and the darling of the band.

And, oh, what pleasure filled my heart, as thought was there
Before me,
As I saw two of that loved flock look forth as joyous maids or brides!
I deemed that they were happy, and wondered that a thought
Of sorrow's heavy chill could enter's breast, or may drop dim her eye.

My heart was like a blossom, new unfolded to the sun,
Or as the lovely autumn flowers, that early frosts have not chilled;
Will droop and fade in silence, ere their blossoming hopes are filled.

As each year sped on silently, I saw those rank to rest,
To slumber dreamlessly upon their mother earth's cold breast,
Till of that sunrise circle, save me, there was but one,
And he the wildest of them all, the youngest, favorite son.

And now I stand beside the grave of her who last did fall
By the unerring archer's dart, within her father's hall.
And listen to the winds that sigh around her lowly bed,
As though they breathed a requiem, and mourned the early dead.

And as I muse, the minutes of their low and mournful
I start and gaze around in fear, but find I am alone,
And that to mark the cold grass rose, and weed the sunken mound.

That flourish o'er her resting place, there is no hand but
Far from those old ancestral halls that brother too has gone,
He could not bear to linger round that hearth stone all alone.
Or at the best to meet the glance of strangers' careless eyes,
And hear their jarred laugh, but not one sympathetic
He could not brook amongst such scenes, alone, unloved to stray,
So hastened into western lands 'mid scenery wild and
—*F. F Mercer*

[F epigrams from

There, there to track the prowling wolf, or chase the bounding deer,
Far than he could forget his grief for her who slumbers here.

And I will brush aside the tear that rises for her sake,
And quench the feelings of regret that memory would awake,
For she has laid her earthly cares, her earthly trammels by
And sought a purer, brighter world in realms beyond the sky.

O'er the final tenement alone, the grave has passed control,
No! for with joy it speeds its wings, and bids farewell to time,
And calmly, sweetly sleep to seek a holier, happier clime.

And still it not deemed to blow our melancholy hours,
To dry the wailing tears that fall upon these lonely flowers,
Whispering that in its new found home, all sorrow is forgotten,
And bid us cease to grieve for her whose is a happier lot.

Original Tales.

TREASURE ON EARTH, AND TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Benedict Percival, one of the wealthiest men in the city, sat reading a newspaper, when three gentlemen entered his counting room in the forenoon in manner in which committee men usually present themselves—especially committee men appointed to raise a subscription for some public charity. When Mr. Percival opened his newspaper that morning, the first paragraph that met his eye was the following:

"At the town meeting held yesterday, a committee of three from each ward was appointed to wait upon our citizens in succession, and solicit donations for the relief of the sufferers by the late destructive fire in our sister city. This duty will be entered upon at once. We trust that the gentlemen who have the matter in charge, will meet with a hearty reception from our liberal and kind hearted fellow citizens.

We may land the van in this noble work, if we will. Let us do it."

Other than Mr. Percival pondered for some time, with his forefinger upon his lip and his eyes upon the ceiling. At length, as if his action in the matter were finally settled, he arose from the counter of his newspaper, and was engaged in that agreeable occupation when the committee of gentlemen alluded to above, called in at his counting room.

"Good morning, Mr. Percival," said the spokesman.

"Good morning, gentlemen," responded Mr. Percival, rising.

"We need hardly state our business," said the spokesman; "I see you have anticipated us this morning, and having assisted in the appointment of the committees for the several wards, are aware that our duty is to wait upon and solicit our fellow citizens for their subscriptions. We have called upon you to get your name at the head of the list. Having that in hand we will call back in a few days, for the result equal to our best hopes. Your subscription was of course know will be liberal, and that will induce other men of ample means upon whom we shall wait, in succession, to put down large sums. By this p an we hope to make our ward double the amount subscribed by any ot her ward in the city."

"We can easily do that," returned Mr. Percival.

"We have wealth enough. But I must decline heading the list. Let Mr. S——— lead off. He will be it handsomely; without doubt. Or, Mr. S———, will start your subscription liberally."

The committee men urged Mr. Percival to comply with their request, but he was firm in declining; and ultimately told them that he had made up his mind to place his name last upon the subscription paper.

A week after this interview, the rich merchant was again waited upon. The list needed only his name to complete it.

"How much have you got?" he asked.

"We have not done as well as we expected," was replied. "If your head list off, we should no doubt have done much better."

"Who headed the list?"

"Mr. B———."

"With how much?"

"One hundred dollars."

"Humph! Let me see the paper."

It was handed to the merchant. He ran his eye over it, saying, half aloud, as he did so:

"One hundred—one hundred—one hundred—nothing above a hundred. What does it all amount to?"

"Five thousand dollars."

The merchant took up a pen and wrote his name with a flourish. Opposite to it he placed a comma and four cyphers, with the dollar mark before them, thus—$10,000. Then, with a bow, and a glow of self-satisfaction upon his face, he handed the paper back to the gentlemen who had waited upon him.

"Really done, Mr. Percival," said the spokesman. "You have saved the credit of our ward. I have strong hopes, now, that we shall lead any two of them put together.

Two or three days after this, the newspapers announced the result of the subscription raised in the various wards in the city. The particular instances of liberality were named, conspicuous among which stood the fact that Benedict Percival, Esq., who was a self-made man, a mere of benevolence," had subscribed the handsome sum of five thousand dollars, had in fact, "just doubled the subscriptions of the ward on which he resided.

There lived in the city where this fact occurred, a poor widow, in feeble health, who had three children dear. The only means of subsistence lay in her ability to do plain sewing. Early and late she sat over her work, often in pain and oppressive weariness, but the result of her labor was never sufficient for the many wants of her little family.

As early as she could, after a long and hard Winter, and the widow's greater expense for warm clothing for her children, and extra fuel, consumed all of her scanty earnings, there having nothing for rent; she occupied two small rooms in a retired court, for which she paid a weekly rent of one dollar. She was the understand of a man who rented all the houses on one side of the court, and by letting them out again to poor families, at a weekly or monthly rent, not only saved his own rent, but made from two to three hundred dollars a year besides. Of course, he was a hard man, and would have nothing more than his own rents; and though the widow and others were injured in his effects to obtain it.

Since the Fall, the poor widow had been slow with her rent. Sometimes she had only only a quarter of a dollar to give her importunate landlord; and sometimes she could give him nothing. He had scolded, and threatened, and warned her to leave the premises; but still o availed not to bring him his due. Food and fuel the woman must have for herself and children. After these, the landlord was little or nothing left from her earnings. Then it went on, until seven dollars were due for rent, and the poor landlord became seriously alarmed, lest, in a last resort, which was often made by him at little or no cost or feeling, there should not be enough in the widow's two rooms that the law would allow him to seize, for the liquidation of his petty claim. He at once informed the widow, that, unless she paid him what was due, immediately, he would sell her out.

"Did you know I cannot do that," said the unhappy woman.

"Sir and between it from some one."

The widow shook her head.

"Two or three among my fanatical families. Go to them and tell them that you will be turned into the street if they do not lend you enough money to pay your rent. It will be but a trifle a piece from seven different individuals. Do it, and the money will come quick enough."

"I have no hope of returning it, and, to borrow under such circumstances, would be dishonest."

"It is just as dishonest not to pay your rent," said the petty landlord, harshly.

The widow answered nothing.

"What do as you please," resumed the unfeeling man. "But I can tell you one thing—if I don't get my rent to-morrow, I shall obtain it in the shortest possible way, and let those coming to some one who will pay a deal better than you have ever done. So you know what you have to depend upon."

With this the landlord went away, and the widow was left to her own sad thoughts. The oldest of her children was a boy between eleven and twelve years of age. The other two were girls, the youngest three years old. The public schools afforded the means of education to these children; and it was the mother's aim to keep them together as long as she could. In these schools, she thought, they might enjoy the advantages so liberally provided for the poor as well as the rich. Charles, the eldest son, was advancing very rapidly, and of the sufferers by the late destructive fire in our sister city. This duty will be entered upon at once. We trust that the gentlemen who have the matter in charge, will meet with a hearty reception from our liberal and kind hearted fellow citizens.

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The public announcement of his great liberality, coupled with what rumor as himself of deeds of as "one of our wealthiest and most benevolent citizens," was particularly gratifying to Benedict Percival, Esq. He read the various paragraphs that met his eyes with the liveliest satisfaction; and enjoyed a higher degree of self complacency than he had known for a long time. It was especially agreeable to him to find that the largest subscription made by any one except himself, was only five hundred dollars; and that this sum was subscribed by a merchant who was reputed to be worth several hundred thousand dollars more than himself. Here was a triumph not often to be had; and it was richly enjoyed. Numerous were the congratulations he received for being the possessor of such charitable feelings, when told of the means of gratifying them to the fullest extent. It was a happy day for Mr. Percival. Verily, he had his reward in the genius of men. How much treasure was laid up in Heaven by the act, we cannot say—we have no means of determining this.

About one o'clock, while Mr. Percival was sitting alone in his private counting-room, thinking pleasantly of what he had done for the good of his fellow men, and pondering that significant passage of Holy Writ—"Charity covers a multitude of sins"—he had entered with a timid look and a hesitating step.

"Well, sir! What do you want?" said the merchant, in a rather forbidding tone, contracting his brows as he spoke.

The child paused suddenly, at this reception, so different from what he had evidently expected, and looked half frightened. But he gathered up his scattered confidence and told his errand that—

"My mother has got so many to pay her rent, and the man is going to sell her things and turn all of us into the street. She only owes him seven dollars. Will you lend it to her, sir?"

Mr. Percival looked at the lad a moment, really astonished at his assurance, and then said—

"Begone, sir! I never encourage street begging. If your mother isn't able to pay her rent, she had better take you all to the alms house, where you will be well taken care of."

Saying this, the benevolent merchant took the lad somewhat rudely by the arm, and leading him to the door of the room in which he had been sitting, thrust him into the one adjoining through which he had come, where were several clerks, saying to the latter, as he did so, in a rough, peremptory voice,

"Don't let any more beggars in here. You know I have forbidden this over and over again."

"I shall be overrun by all the mendicants in town," muttered Mr. Percival to himself, as he resumed his seat. "So much for having one's name up as a benevolent man."

The lad, who had come to school that afternoon, his teacher noticed that he had been weeping, and that he seemed to be in a great deal of distress. But, as he was a boy who asked but little at the hands of others, he did not reply directly to his questions. Several times during the afternoon the teacher noticed that Charles was absent from his seat; but, as he was a boy who was so much disturbed that he could not say his lessons. He mentioned this to his female assistant. As Charles was leaving the school room by the door on the dismissal of his class, this young lady, who had observed him frequently since his attention had been called to him, took him kindly by the hand and said—

"What is the matter with you, Charles? You appear to be very unhappy."

The lad paused and looked up into her face. His eyes were full of tears, and his lips quivered. He tried to speak, but he could not utter a word.

"Is any one sick at home?" asked the teacher.

"No, ma'am," the lad faintly replied.

The young girl, for the teacher was quite young, stood silent a moment. She knew that the mother of the lad was poor; and from the peculiar way in which he was distressed, she immediately suspected that something was wrong at home.

"Is anything the matter at home that you would like to tell me?" she asked.

By this time most of the children had left the room, and the teacher and the lad stood quite alone. The boy had been looking the latter over since his teacher had spoken to him, now fell over his cheeks freely. But, in a little while, he was overcome, and he told her, in a few words, that his mother was in, and how, if the rent was not paid in the morning, her things would all be taken away from her and they turned out of doors. He also related, in a most earnest and artless manner, the cruel and unexpected rejoinder with which he had met, his tears flowed again.

"But the man certainly will not do as he has threatened," said the teacher.

"Oh, yes he will," replied Charles. "He sold everything Mrs. Ellis had, this Winter, because she didn't pay him his rent; and she had to take little George and Mary and go to the poor house. Oh, you'll—he will do it."

"How much rent does your mother owe?"

"Seven dollars."

The young teacher was again silent and thought fall. In a moment, however, the sympathies of her generous nature were commenced. Such a rushing and scrubbing, as much scouring and dusting, as had been done that day, was unusual for one day: all the old Chairs was brought out, the and silver tea pot and spoons, were washed and polished, and made to look almost as well as new. Dolly was willing to break her neck for the sake of seeing the "fine ladies," (but she broke my best china bowl in the place of her neck,) and clear her clothes. The doctor exerted himself to procure everything necessary for the great occasion, and succeeded in finding some that he could quite depend upon, for ever would have come. On the morning of the great day, I was up before the sun, knowing that there was much to be done. My pies were yet to be baked, and as I did not start to prepare them until after breakfast, I had no time to spare. My wife, being out of the way of the steve being small, and other dishes to be cooked as it), I counted how many would answer; there were but four, and I was contriving in my mind how pies would be sufficient, two of one kind and two of another. Eight rings of custard were prepared, and the crust was laid upon them, when the bell rang. Dolly made up a bright fire in our little parlor, and then went out to prepare the vegetables. I set out the table in the best attainable style; but I might have but little to do after the arrival of my guests. My husband rounded up the gate, straightened up the old carpet, cut down some of the tall weeds that grew by the door, and then seated himself by the parlor window. I had just got the last pie put in my cake-basket, when I heard the knock. I gave myself up a magazine from the table, and putting on an air of *I never did any thing in my life*, I issued my self into the hall, and received the strangers. They were in fine spirits and praised our house, our garden, and ourselves; but laughed at every thing that was said, and, in short, were in a state of carnival. The gentlemen went out to look at some favorite young fruit trees of my husband's; the ladies then talked of the fashions, and compared notes on New York. They talked me "how many servants it would be needful for them to bring with them," &c. I answered all their questions, and was getting on finely, when I chanced to look out of the window and, horror of horrors! what should I see but a two-horse wagon full of men, women and children, standing at the gate, and the doctor busy helping the latter to alight! What was I to do with them? The dinner was already being put on the table in the dining room; it would not do to take them into the kitchen,—but before I could think it all over, they were ushered into the parlor. They were some of my husband's best friends, who had brought in their families to be vaccinated, having heard of a case of small pox being in the neighborhood, (or in New Orleans.) The doctor is never put out; he politely seized them if they would have their knives taken to the stable! They said it would be best for them to have a feed, as it would be dark before they could get home (the wagon, (five of them, and three with babies,) crowded round the fire. I did make out at last to ask them with a trembling voice if they would not take off their bonnets and cloaks. No sooner said than done, and when my arms were filled with the odd looking garments, I heard a shortened laugh from one of the New York ladies; but when I looked at them they pretended to be very busy with some pictures on the table. I hastened out of the room, put down my load, and hurried to the kitchen to see what could be done. Even Dolly cried with vexation when told to go into the parlor and name one of the babies, while the mother held the next youngest to be vaccinated. But I need not tell all the trials of that dreadful day; how the females all sat down to dinner first, and the men partook of the remains; how the cups of custard would not go round; and how the cross little children cried for pie, how the *ladies* drew back when a child came near to look at their dresses; how the country women enquired where they got their *peeked* combs, and what they cost; how I got the nervous head-ache; and how the doctor laughed at me when they were all gone. Oh! no, I will not tell it, but I will never forget it. No one but a physician's wife could have had such a thing happen her; it was worse than a spell of the ague at the time, but I hope its effects will not last quite as long. The doctor laughs at me, and I laugh at Dolly; so lately so wicked when she speaks of the events of that day, she says she hopes "them 'ere young 'uns has all got the small pox 'fore this time."

Original Poetry.

THE FOUR GRAVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY NEMO.

Beside a cheerful, winter fire,
Three children drew their little chairs,
And laughed and talked with guileless tongues,
Of toys, and sports, and childish cares

Their mother with an aspect meek,
Was smiling at their innocent joy,
While frequent from her heart she raised
And kissed her beauteous infant boy

Not oh! that hearth—that fated shrine!
That idol of her fond heart's love!
There sorrow fixed her subtle decree,
And given o'emposed it like a pall!

Death came with secret, silent tread,
And touched them in the vernal hours,
And one by one their pulses ceased,
They withered like the gentle flowers!

Meekly the mother bowed her head,
While from her eyes the tear-drops came;
"The Lord did give, and take away,
And blessed be His holy name!"

Beneath the village church-yard text,
Four little graves are side by side;
And the large cloth, that covers it,
Tells who they are, and how they died!

Selected Tale.

THE LILY HAND OF RIMINI.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

Nina lay in her bed. How "bravely and Cytherea-like she became it," angels may tell better than mortals.

The clock had struck twelve. Nina had laid down her book—the drowsy charmer she had called to her aid to lull her to sleep. The flame from an alabaster lamp showered down its chaste, subdued ray beams; waning, soothing. The last embers died away on the hearth, diffusing their genial warmth without a crack or murmur. Not a curtain was seen to heave, not a breath to stir the dreamy air of silken apartment.

Nina's kind hosts were fully aware of the treasure they harbored under their roof. More than matronal care had presided over her comforts, even to her couch, and mounted her pillow. Her aunt herself, the lady of Professor Macagni, had shown the lovely girl to her chamber, disrobed her, trusting no one else with the offices of her waiting maid. She hung in fond admiration over her as she bade her "good night," pressed her maternally to her heart, and called down Heaven's choicest gifts on her dear head. Professor Macagni was proud of his niece. Long and ardently had he sued for her, half borrowed, half stolen her from her anxious parents at Rimini. He had torn her from her mother's arms, overcome her scruples, her reluctance, and secured her within the precincts of his fond, old, half-fashioned suburban paradise near Bologna and her happiness. Her happiness! Ah! yes, and the latter was not without a boding heart about it, for she knew him to be an enterprising match maker. Professor Macagni had attained a degree of high reputation as an anatomical discoverer. Ease and affluence had waited on his exertions, he rested now in the shade of his laurels. He was a widower, an old man testy and irritable, and of a sickly temperament. His wife, a lady of the noble house of Lanzi, had carried with her high birth and wealth, and it was prized for the gratification of this proud dame, that Nina, her niece, found herself domesticated amid the civil graces and opulence of the Professor's home.

Her amazon mistress lingered in the room, till for the third time bidden to go. Little Juliet nothing loth to give up her present, had already gone to rest. Nina showed her aunt in the door—listened to her retreating feet fall; then carefully locked and bolted the door.

Almost blushing with shame, she cast a hurried glance under the bed; she peeped behind the window curtains; the coarse black rubbing her hands, and breathing freely. Yet two minutes and she was in the arms of the fondly unconscious Juliet.

The company in the hall were beginning to discuss the virtues of the violin grated in every carriage on the most impracticable. Conversation was carried on in monosyllables.

Twelve o'clock had struck. The fire burned still. The lamps shone was and faint. The two girls lay grouped in each other's arms. Nina bore a peculiar tainer for grouping. Arms and necks, all the soft limbs of the young creatures were coiled and twined together, as if they lay for models of the graces.

The warmth of their young blood was diffused all over the room, and the fragrance of their breath. Their cheeks glowed in contact.

Both were quiet; but whilst one was many in dreams deep in the sleep of blessed innocence, the other's eyes glared uneasy and fitful as if constantly on the watch for coming terrors.

Poor Nina was game to the last. She would not flinch, would not believe: she blamed the mutchiness of her fancy.

"What!" she said, "ghosts from the grave, to do homage to the Lily Hand of Rimini! To convenience maketh cowards of us all; and what did conscience reproach her with? The heart-ache, for-

* The Public promenade at Bologna.

partly lowered on the weary echo which they carried to the farthest corners of Manchester with it. The dawny cheek, the breath came slower and heavier, and the lips gently parted.

The tide of flitting emotions hardly ruffled the ineffable calmness of those composed features. The breath of heavenly purity, of coy and timid tenderness, of all maidenly truth and holiness issued from the fragrant mouth. Nina's guardian angel never hovered under a gentler form.

But lo! on a sudden the slumbering beauty is seen to writhe throughout her frame. A cold, humid, clammy sweat sends a thrill through a her veins. The icy palm of a shrivelled hand presses here vehemently, convulsively. It was but one instant, and two lips loose and stiffened as if by death contact with lingering fondness on the clasped hand.

Seconds elapsed one instant or terror prevailed over the trance of surprise. But Nina de Lanzi was possessed of a more than feminine daring spirit. She was in reality awake, and fully conscious of the evidence of her senses. By a sudden effort she rescued herself and started up in her bed.

By the stool, sitting on the brinks of her loosening boldly, stendinarily around.

Her eye glanced behind. The door—she saw it was locked. Undismayed, she strove to move her body slowly, resolutely on the heels of a receding person.

She saw it distinctly. She was but two wide yards. The distance was not to be passed with temples. She felt a choking at her throat.

Her fingers were still white—crushed almost with fearful pressure they had lately undergone, and still a livid impression still marked the spot where the icy lips of the phantom had clung.

In a minute of creaking, overwhelming terror now succeeded to that first outburst of animal spirits. With her eyes riveted on that dreaded door, she sat still gasping for breath, and striving to nerve her heart against the chances of a second intrusion; but long and tedious rolled the hours; the morning dawned gray at the casement, and the lamp grew to sigh.

Courage returned with daylight. "And did she suffer her imagination thus to get the upperhand of her better understanding? And could night mare get so powerful a hold on the senses? Could illusion continue after morning consciousness? And was her hand never before numbed by cold or by the straining of an awkward posture?"

By these and other arguments she laughed her own fears to scorn. It was a faint laugh, nevertheless, nor was it without a shudder she went through the redoubled door that played such awful freaks at midnight.

The following day was merry and roomy. There was a long stroll with the Professor's children at the Montagnola.* Then romping and frolicking in the garden at home. Then a hearty dinner, then jigging and decking, smoothing and trimming for the evening show. And lamps were lighted, guests crowded in, and Nina de Lanzi stood up with her partner.

From the moment she quitted the haunted apartment she had not had one second's leisure to bestow on her nocturnal adventure.

The lovely Nina stood up with her partner. The Professor's family had their evening serpentine of the former achievements. The chin of Lombard levelers were there, and the sprightly students of the university, the young blood of the land, doing homage at their feet.

Nina de Lanzi and Lorenzo de Rizzo led the van of the first quadrille. The latter looked proud, beaming, slain with the excitement of happy affection and gratified vanity; the former, a somewhat short, but symmetrically-cut figure, shaped, formed, as it were, for the dance, at that early stage of the festivities still remote and feverish with the current, with the vague remembered visitation of the previous night.

She soon rallied, nevertheless. Her head and and was thrown backward with a half disdainful toss, as she caught the first notes of the inspiriting music from the orchestra. Her rich hand hair, in a mass of ringlets and tresses, bounded wantonly on her rounded shoulders, while her hand—the Lily Hand of Rimini—rested on that of her cavaliere, and impressed it in a white kid—waved gracefully in the air towards the youth of her choice.

Her truant partner had, however, for one second, turned his head. Some difficulty in the distribution of the following couples had occasioned a momentary delay. At a beck from the lady of the house, Da Rizzo had stepped up to her to receive the benefit of his advice. His absence was unnoticed by Nina, who, with averted head, continued to hold out to him the prize so suddenly forfeited.

Suddenly a shriek of anguish and terror, loud above the din of festive instruments, rang through the crowded apartment.

An awful pause ensued every eye was instantly turned upon Nina.

She stood alone at her place, gazing vacantly at her partner's chair. Lorenzo was gone. Nina was alone, as if with intense cold. The hand of death had been once more busy with them.

"Who has withdrawn it?" she gasped, "what sad mockery is this?"

The whole company crowded up to her, aghast in their consternation.

The attentions of the multitude oppressed her. She stamped impatiently. She was conveyed to a chair. She was in her element, and strove to recover herself. She seemed to be relieved to recollection. Remonstrances were all in vain—irritated her. The crowded apartments and the heat proved to evince her repugnance—was hastily got ready for her. Half playfully, half forcibly, she secured a seat in the corner of the first coach that stood at Professor's children, a girl aged twelve; and her lamps were carefully trimmed, the fire blazed in the chimney.

Goldsmith thought that a pretty woman, arrayed in all the splendor of the third sentiment, was the most beautiful object in creation! I think so too with the slight amendment of substituting sentiments instead of dowras. A pretty woman, in a rage, is the most beautiful object in creation! Reader, has not this story a moral?

LABOR WITH UNDERLAY.—A correspondent of one of our contemporaries says —

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Goldsmith thought that a pretty woman, arrayed in all the splendor of the third sentiment, was the most beautiful object in creation! I think so too with the slight amendment of substituting sentiments instead of dowras. A pretty woman, in a rage, is the most beautiful object in creation! Reader, has not this story a moral?

Pictures of Life.

TROUBLES OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE

TRANSCRIBED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE WIFE OF A WESTERN PHYSICIAN.

NOVEMBER 2d. Shall I write them down in my journal or not, Dear, dear, what trouble I have. I will keep an account of them now, and when real troubles come, I will wonder that such trifles could ever annoy me. Dr. Smith's practice would be more than there arrived in our town three gentlemen from New York, bringing with them a small stock of goods. They fitted up a shop in the best house they could procure; and opened a store: they have been selling goods rapidly, and bid so much encouraged, that they are about to remove, providing their wives will consent to leave their city homes, and reside in the West. The ladies were sent for to come and see a visit; they arrived safely in all their city finery, and great hopes are entertained that the three families will make this their home. They are at present boarding at the Hotel (we have but one,) but if the ladies can only be induced to remain suitable houses will be built in the Spring. My husband is very anxious to have our terms approved, and insists on my paying every possible attention to the strangers; so, a few days after their arrival, we called on them. They appear very much surprised that any persons sh a should know enough to make a formal call. We thought their reception much more cold and reserved than our own, but if the ladies can only be induced to remain, suitable houses will be built in the Spring. My husband is very anxious to have our terms approved, and insists on my paying every possible attention to the strangers; so, a few days after their arrival, we called on them. They appear very much surprised that any persons sh a should know enough to make a formal call. We thought their reception much more cold and reserved than our own, but if the ladies can only be induced to remain,

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Our Scrap Book.

ARNOLD AT BEMIS' HEIGHTS.

BY J. F. HEADLEY.

Gates took Arnold's division away from him and gave it to General Lincoln, so that when the second battle of the 7th of October occurred, he, the best and bravest, and most successful General in the army, was without a command. This outrage was enough to sadden a less stormy nature than his, and he immediately demanded a passport to Washington. It was granted; but on a second thought he concluded it would have an ugly look to leave the army on the eve of an important engagement, and resolved to remain. He was in the camp when the cannonading of the 7th of October commenced, and heard, no one may guess with what fiery feelings, the roar of battle, which was ever music to his stormy nature. As the thunder of artillery shook the ground on which he stood, followed by the sharp rattle of musketry, his impatience and excitement could be no longer restrained. He walked about in the greatest agitation—now pausing to listen to the din of war, and now watching the fiercely ascending volumes of smoke that told where the fight was raging. Ah! who can tell what gloomy thoughts and fierce purposes of revenge were then and there born in his maddened soul—it is terrible to drive the brave to despair. The hero of Quebec, Champlain, and Ridgefield, to whom the headlong charge and perilous march were a delight, who pasted like a war-horse for the thought of the battle-field, now an inefficient commander to remain inactive. His brave followers were ranking on death without him, and sudden resolves and overwhelming emotions kept up such a tumult in his bosom, that his excitement at length amounted almost to madness. Unable longer to restrain his impulses, he called like the helpless Avgenor for his horse. Vaulting to the saddle, he rode for a while around the camp in a tempest or passion. At length a heavy explosion of artillery, making the earth tremble beneath him, burst on his ear. He paused a moment and leaned over his saddle-bow, then plunging his reins up to the gaffs in his horse, launched like a thunderbolt away. He soon mounted on a beautiful dark Spanish mare, named Warren, after the hero of Bunker Hill, worthy such a rider, and which bore him like the wind into the battle.

It was told to Gates that Arnold had gone to the field, and he immediately sent Colonel Armstrong after him to arrest him. He passed

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1847

TERMS.

Single copies $5 per annum in advance—$2 50 paid in advance.

To fill up clubs.

To Clubs we make the following LIBERAL OFFERS:

5 COPIES,		$5.00	PER ANNUM.
10	"	$10.00	" "
25	"	$25.00	" "
50	"	$50.00	" "

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Remittals must always state the Post Office received from, or will be lost to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sloane's Practical Magazine" for one year, and one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Pennsylvania Farmer" for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Peter "Pindar's Magazine, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sloane's Practical Magazine, or "The Pennsylvania Farmer" for 1847—or we will send, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Pennsylvania Farmer," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sloane's Practical Magazine, or Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

Subscribers who are in arrears, will please remit their dues through the mail, without waiting to be called upon by our collectors.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We hope none of our subscribers put their papers only half printed last week. We found some few such among our entire edition, which our printers had allowed to get in by mistake, and treat we detected all of them. We endeavour to conduct our business in the most methodical and systematic manner, but in large establishments, where things have to pass through so many hands, occasional mistakes cannot be avoided.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CATO. In answer to Cato's note, we would say that our policy in relation to immoral publications, is simply this:—When we find that there is danger of an immoral work's obtaining a large circulation among the supporters of this paper, a necessity, under the plea of good for philanthropy, &c., we think it expedient to warn the community against it; but we very much question the expediency of calling the attention of the public to the moral works of low little talent, and which are already confined to a very narrow circle of readers. As to the paper to which Cato alludes, we think it unnecessary to say anything against it, as it is considered already in the eyes of every virtuous man and woman, by pronouncing an odium to the publication of Park's "Mantle, or The Foundling," and because its proprietors have not been lately so lost to every sense of shame, that they would rather profit than otherwise by attacks on one per (which might set it more degree as an advertisement) in the abominable tale in which "Mantle" originated.

DOMESTIC. The essay is respectfully declined.

THE FALL OF BONAPARTE, is also respectfully declined.

EUGENIA. We acknowledge the receipt of Eugenia, &c., from E. W. W. and J. W. M. The latter's solution of the Enigma riddle is not correct, as our options.

S. S. "ASPEN" is received. We have received no answer as yet to the Charade in our last. A correct single answer has occurred to us, but if it be right the riddle is not a very good one; while if it be not the right answer, this charade is a most decided "poser."

TOM TUBOS'S EXPERIENCE, and the accompanying poem, are received, but not yet examined.

NUMA'S Tale is also received, and awaits a leisure moment.

DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

Carlyle says, in his "Past and Present," that Democracy is the great ideal of the age, to which England and most other European nations are fast tending. We do not know what we have done to the stronger proof of the truth of this assertion, as applied to England, than to the late speech of the Master of Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine, called the "Influence of Aristocracy on Literature." This article, which we hope to see the production of Mr. Jerrold himself, is a most noticeable one, not only for its Democratic tendencies, but for the force, simplicity and clearness with which it is written, and we do not know how we could occupy the space better, than by laying before our readers its most important passages. Speaking of the reception given by the Anti-Slavery Society of England to Mr. Jerrold says, doubtless giving in to some extent, his own bitter experience, that "there is and can be no sympathy between a man of the people and an oligarch. The very nature of things forbids it;" and he asserts that there is a single instance on record of friendship, worthy of the name, between an intellectual man of humble birth and the aristocracy. He says: "His tastes and style of thought are possibly respective to those of the haughty individuals around him, but if he belongs not to their order, that is, if through family connections, or position, or wealth, he possesses not the elements of extensive power, no link of brotherhood is ever forged between him and them. He comes and goes like a spectre; he inspires no warmth and feels none; he belongs, in fact, to a world unknown, which is thoroughly understood to be hostile to them, and to treated politely, like a spy from the enemy's camp."

At certain stages of society the aristocracy, having no other objects of ambition, betake themselves to literature, and enter the lists as the rivals of professional authors. But of what is this a sign?—of the general prevalence of democratic ideas. It shows that the possessors of intellect are beginning to be understood and appreciated at last aloud, and that the power of that thing called the public to award fame by the lordly intelligence in admiration is recognized by its political rival. The steps from this point downwards is rapid. The aristocrat who ventures to gainfully descend to date better than an imposter in the social system, because while arrogating to himself eminent privileges, he is found to be an assumer of an exclusive mystic, but, on the contrary, offers proper value in what he represents, in the parent, and philosophy, to the author who warmly names the name of his profession and who little understate or caste but in the air. Let us not, however, be mistaken. We do not mean to say that the members of the aristocracy are necessarily, as a body, inferior to other men. No such thing. We believe all mankind to be fundamentally equal, but we think that if signalize very little, so far as mental development is concerned, whether a man be descended from a cobbler or a king.

But the following is one of the passages to which we intended more particularly to call the attention of our readers, as denoting the existence of a spirit in England, which is rapidly, and, most probably, to subvert eventually every other Aristocracy in the mighty empire, but the aristocracy of intellect and virtue:

> *But if there be equality of faculties, why should there be inequality of privileges? Why should one set of families exclusively fix a race of learned doctors for the advantage of constituting the government of the country, of organizing its laws, of conducting its diplomacy, of ruling over our distant colonies and dependencies, and creating kings and emperors in their own country, while another set of families is deemed to be almost hopeless drudgery, uncultivated or pilgrims? There never was a more unjust system. A man, more richly gifted with intelligence than Shakspeare. And yet look at his social position! He was, it may be, the first name by the conjunct of the poetical genius in comparison with the most rare and wonderful gift bestowed; but during his whole life, great as he was, and fascinating mixed with such noble quality of mind and heart, he necessarily stood cap in hand before the members of successive aristocratic families, whose whole intellectual wealth for centuries exhibited together and bestowed on one individual would not perhaps have rendered him a fit companion for the great poet.*

The following remarks upon the moral and intellectual character of the literature of the people, as contrasted with that of any class, are sustained by all History:—

> *The compositions designed expressly for absolute princes were seldom bear correct either in taste or in morals. There is a visible improvement where they are addressed to aristocracies. But when a whole nation is the patron to whom an author looks for support, he must, of necessity, so mould and fashion his works, that they may be passed from hand to hand through the domestic sanctuary, the females, without causing an uneasy sensation or a blush. Not that the people are fonder of sermons than fables. Satisfied with what is really good, they are ready to overlook small blemishes and pardon trifling error. It is to their decision, consequently, that all great writers ultimately appeal. No author lasts one of Immortality, while his productions are written exclusively with persons of fashion and fortune, with them, or with the learned. Their judgment is for originality. Indeed, and the people are not always competent to form a correct opinion, which pleads may about up to a great size and appear for a time to flourish; but, sooner they can long survive. They are like the trees that grow in the open plain, and resist the winds that sweep over it from all quarters, they cannot be men of a considerable size for ever.*

PORTRAITS OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

It is amusing to look at the numerous portraits of Gen. Taylor that are now being circulated—as true as if they had been taken from life, by a process with which we are ultimately supplied to have one of his own. The plan of the matter is, too, that the authenticity of all of them may be established, and that there is scarcely a faulty resemblance between them. Some one gallant gentleman will have it, that the nose is the distinguishing feature, and will not listen to the delicacy of changing old engravings of Washington, Napoleon and Marshal Blucher into new ones of Gen. Taylor, by merely altering the nose. Another, a French woman, who confessed that she had outlived all taste for innocent pleasures, is all in a fever of excitement, lest that they owe their existence exclusively to the successful frauds they are practising upon the majority; it is impossible that they should possess the sense of innocence, if not the intelligence to appreciate the true nature of the measures of exclusive circles.

If the writer descend to the level of the majority, he must bring into active play the worst passions which preside in the breast of man, and lower his character in humble breast. The inevitable result is oppression and discouragement, and that this is always voluntarily arrived at, but the writers, by a law of his nature, are compelled to urge it on, and close the secret conviction of their class or patrons. *The sounds of a deep perenial the very atmosphere of life do not affect the mathematician. The writing of the class is oblong fast away, and sending for six or seven hundred years is forbidden.*

The following remarks, with which we shall conclude our extracts, are well worthy the attention of the American public, and especially of our literary men. It seems to us that a man who is only fit to write books, and to do nothing else, is not fit even to do that. The thinking class of literature, has as it is something so dissonant to that real condition, and soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Palo Alto, &c. It is reported that while Major Ringgold was engaged at Fort Brown, he was nominated by some persons in New York for the Presidency. The old General's reply was characteristic. "Mr. Easter, I don't want it—I have no time—I have a field of 2,000 men to look after, and of my noble little army. I have always considered that the highest ambition man whose mission on earth is of to be a statesman public, and especially for our literary men. It seems to us that a man who is only fit to write books, and to do nothing else, is not fit even to do that. The thinking class of literature, has as it is something so dissonant to that real condition, and soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Palo Alto, &c. It is reported that while Major Ringgold was engaged at Fort Brown, he was nominated by some persons in New York for the Presidency. The old General's reply was characteristic. "Mr. Easter, I don't want it—I have no time—I have a field of 2,000 men to look after, and of my noble little army. I have always considered that the highest ambition man whose mission on earth is of to be a statesman public, and especially for our literary men—but were I to accept a nomination, there are persons who would call me everything that is bad, and others who would call me all that is good. As General Harrison, that I never was within two points of a field of battle, and that I was a coward. I don't want it!"

We trust that Mr. Green will accept Freeman's challenge, as it will be curious to hear what a pugnacious gander has to say to a fighting goose.

Mr. Green, the "Sage" of Philadelphia, who gave a lecture last week in this city, illustrating the cunning trickery to which gamblers resort to pluck their victims, has been challenged by a Mr. Freeman, an avowed brother of the craft, to a discussion of the question. Mr. Freeman's letter, which first appeared in the "Daily Sun," is published in full in the usual way, and we therefore lay it before our readers:—

MR. EDITOR:—Having attended the Lecture of J. H. Green, last evening, at the Chinese Museum, and having been much astonished at the false position he has on each and every view which he took, and which he is in the habit of taking upon the subject of Gambling, and having heard him through the medium of your columns, that I have made up my mind to challenge him to a discussion of the same, which he says the gambler practices upon his victim, he is actually at his very mouth in practising a palpable cheat upon the very audience which he was addressing, and in order to enlighten. An impression that may arise from such a meeting, I want none, but a fair opportunity to put Mr. Green right.

As regards experience in debate, Mr. G. has decided the advantage of me, but I think that I have had the honor of addressing public audiences four times as many as Mr. Green, and have been much more in favor of Old Tip, in 1840, and the other turn upon the subject of Temperance. I am well aware that Mr. Green is intelligent, and has taken upon it as a sort of inconsistency that a man occupying the position that I do, should be the advocate of temperance—but they no reason because they are addicted to a habit of Mr. Green's practice of gambling!

Should Mr. Green accede to my proposition, he only has to name his time and place—or if he prefer, each one can name a gentleman to act for him. I am willing to wait on him at his boarding house, or at his office, and at least some one gentleman can be present to hear all that passes between us.

J. G. FREEMAN.

N. B.—I am a native of South Carolina, I am known from Virginia to Orleans. Mr. Green I have met in the free city, and he can testify from me though I never had any intimacy with him.

The "fun," in publishing the letter, remarks:—

"We are glad that our contemporary has at last come down before them. There will be a great excitement among this class about July, when Mr. Green visits the city for a short time. We have made diligent inquiry before publishing this letter, as to the character of the writer. Mr. Freeman is a gentleman, he stands at the head of his profession. He is not a man to be put into the category of Green, the representative of the more respectable class of black legs in our city."

We trust that Mr. Green will accept Freeman's challenge, as it will be curious to hear what a pugnacious gander has to say to a fighting goose.

Mr. Green—Sir

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri. Mr. JAMES is also our Agent for *Dr. Chase's Receipts, Wilson's Tobacco Worm Syrup, and Professor J. Brown.*

JOHN DEMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMESON is our Travelling Agent for the Eastern and Southern States, to receive the names of *A. Hoyey, Julius Cortlan, James Dorsey, Isaac D. Gregory and John W. Wightman*, to whom he has issued a share of R. B. Hoyey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS REVERN is our Travelling Agent for New Jersey.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Boston.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. B. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master will receive any person's money on deposit in amount so deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, stating the time when the amount deposited. The receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses the amount on the books of the office where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the whole amount paid to him, and the time when he received the same, and the newspaper or newspapers to which the amount of which it is deposited. The Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Malvern, Pa., September* 15, 1845.

Received from *John Jones* fifty dollars to be forwarded to the Publication "*Saturday Evening Post*," from which I am to receive a year's subscription for *John Jones*, and to the same. *Thomas Jefferson*, Postmaster with the Publication will pay the amount of said receipt generally endorsed.

Signed, JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

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Signed, JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, sums of money without any payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

FROM VERA CRUZ.

Letters from Gen. Scott, to the 11th ult., have been received by the War Department. They state the arrangements he was making for the advance towards the capital. Gen. Twiggs had passed the National Bridge, and was on the road to Jalapa. The first report was that Santa Anna had only 7,000 troops—then the accounts increased them to 9,000—and finally Gen Twiggs' despatch augmented them to about 11,000, estimated at last at Cerro Gordo. Another letter, written on the 14th, has been received at the War Office, stating that General Scott had left Vera Cruz on the 12th, and General Worth on the 13th. Capt. Hughes, of the Topographical Engineers, writes that a great battle will be fought soon at Jalapa, or a few miles the other side. It is considered by many officers, which, if gained, opens to us the road to Perote and to Puebla. It is not thought that the enemy's force will occur at Cerro Gordo, as it is represented that the country there cannot be fortified. Other despatches are not published.

Previous advices give the following particulars:

An express had come down from Gen. Twiggs's the effect that Santa Anna was before him, at Cerro Gordo, with 15,000 men, as near as he could learn from reconnoissance made by Capt. Hardy and other officers of Engineers.

Lieut. Col. J. E. Johnston had been severely, but not dangerously, wounded in a skirmish with the Mexican's works, which appeared to be a succession of breastworks to command the only road to Cerro Gordo. A dragoon, who had been sent down as an express by Gen. Twiggs, was fired upon by the road-side. His papers had not been touched. The Mexicans are playing a bloody and at the same time a bold game than is usual with them. It is thought they have killed not less than fifty of our men within the last week or ten days.

The only disease prevailing at Vera Cruz was diarrhœa, and that great enough to carry off, on the ratio of the 1st Reg. Penn. Volunteers had been, 1,000 men a month. The Rev. Mr. Lusk had proceeded to see monk's imprisonment in the Castle, and his release at a month's pay.

The following particulars are from the Mata morse Flag —

THE CASTLE.—The Castle of San Juan de Ulloa has undergone a thorough repair, and is capable of making it approach much nearer a place in which an American soldier ought to reside. We are informed that a more filthy place could scarcely be imagined, and the time our informant was there.

EXECUTION.—The execution of the colored man Kirk, a citizen of the United States, convicted of committing a rape upon the person of a Mexican woman, took place on Saturday evening last.

A large concourse of people turned out to witness the first execution under American authority, which has ever taken place in the city of Mexico of this country. It will, no doubt, prove a salutary lesson, and one which will deter others of sanguinary disposition from committing a like crime.

ALVARADO.—The port of Alvarado, which has been closed for several months, is now open for our commerce, and to all neutral vessels not having on board articles contraband of war.

THE HOSPITAL.—Many of our gallant soldiers are now languishing in the hospitals, and the hospitals are filled to overflowing with them. The diseases most prevalent is diarrhœa, which in many cases has proved fatal.

General Scott has issued the following Proclamation to the "good people of Mexico." We question whether they do not need a proclamation to assure them that the good—though we have not much faith in proclamations addressed to either class:

PROCLAMATION AND ADDRESS OF THE ARMY. (Vera Cruz, April 11, 1847.)

Major General Scott, Commander-in-chief of the Armies of the United States of America, to the good people of Mexico.

PROCLAMATION.

MEXICANS!—At the head of a powerful army soon to be doubled—as a part of which is advancing upon your Capital—with another army under Major General Taylor, in march from Saltillo to invade San Luis Potosi, I think myself entitled to address you.

MEXICANS—Americans are not your enemies but the enemies for a time of the men who, a year ago, misgoverned you, and drove you into war with a neutral war between two great republics. We are the friends of the peaceful inhabitants of the country we occupy, and the friends of your holy religion, its hierarchy and its priesthood. The weak church is found in all parts of our own country, crowded with devout Catholics, and respected by our government, law and people.

For the church of Mexico, the unoffending inhabitants of the country, and their property, I am from the first done everything in my power to place them under the safeguard of the honor of the arms the low had men in this army.

My orders to that effect, known to all, are precise and rigorous. Under them, several Americans have already been punished with death for violence of Mexicans, besides imprisonment, and one for rape, but being by a negro.

In not this a proof of good faith and energetic discipline? Other proofs would be given, as offers of injuries to Mexicans may be detected.

On the other hand, injuries committed by individuals, or parties of Mexicans, not belonging to the public forces, upon individuals, small parties, trains of wagons and teams, will be put a stack to the end other person or property belonging to that army contrary to the laws of war, will be punished either with rigor or if the particular offenders be not delivered up to the aggrieved party, the whole regiment shall fall upon entire crime, towns or neighborhoods.

Let, then, all good Mexicans remain at home, or at their posts and employments, and not be induced to bring in, for sale, horses, mules, beef, cattle, corn, barley, wheat, flour, bread, and vegetables. Cash will be paid for everything this army has to buy or purchase, and protection will be given to all sellers.

The Mexicans are strong enough to offer them assurance—which, should Mexicans wisely accept, this war may soon end, to the great glory and future advantage of both belligerents. Then the Americans, having conquered peace, Mexicans will be happy to take leave of Mexico and return to their own country.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

EXPEDITION AGAINST TUSPAN.

A navy correspondent of the N. O. Delta, under date of "Vera Cruz Anchorage, April 11th," says —

A large detachment of the squadron leaves for Tuspan, commanded by the Commodore in person. The officers anticipated something of a fight at that place. It is believed that there are upwards of 3,000 troops at that place, under the command of Gen. Cos, with some 60 pieces of heavy cannon, all serviceable and in fine order with the exception of these.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—A case was lately decided in the Court of Common Pleas, in the Rowan District, North Carolina, involving considerations of vital interest to the slave owners of that State. It appears that a gray dealer sold the plaintiff a slave. Sub, a gallon and a quart of whiskey; that on the road home, Sub drank of the whiskey, became very drunk, fell down several times, and went in a creek, and would probably have been drowned, if he had not been assisted out.—that he lay out all night, and was found dead near the road the next morning.—that his death was caused by the intoxication, and exposure to the inclemency of the weather. The Jury, under the charge of the Court, found a verdict for the plaintiff for *six hundred and fifty dollars.*

GEN. TAYLOR'S PLANTATION.—General Taylor, in the year 1841, purchased, it is said, a plantation, stock, &c., near Rodney, in Mississippi, for which he paid, in cash, ninety-five thousand dollars. An exchange paper learns from Hon. W. M. Gwin, of New Orleans, who is a personal friend of General Taylor, that some miscreant opened a breach in the levee, and that two miles above the plantation named above, and it is now wholly under water! The loss of the crop follows, as a matter of course, and a moderate estimate would put this loss at about thirty thousand dollars.

OUR NATAL CAPTAINS.—The following table, says the Newark Advertiser, shows the amount of sea-service seen by some of our principal naval officers. Com. Stewart, 53 years; Com. Conner, 15 years; Com. Morris, 50 years; Com. Jones, 40 years; Capt. Gregory, 18 years; Com. Stockton, 14 years; Com. Shubrick, 15 years; Capt. Reeves, 16 years; Commander Tattnall, 17 years; Commander Sands, 16 years.

Casualties.

FIRE IN DUMFRIES.

On the 27th ult. a fire broke out in Dumfries, Va., which consumed eighteen houses before it could be arrested. About forty persons were turned out of their homes. Nearly all the men were absent, engaged in the fisheries on the Potomac.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.—An emigrant Hamburg ship with two hundred passage to Canada, was lost in the Gulf Stream, and dreadful to relate, one hundred emigrants and the crew perished. She was from Bremen to Stephanie, Bergen, and left Hamburg in October. The master and four of the crew are reported to have been picked up in an open boat by a schooner from New Orleans.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN GEORGIA.—The town of Griffin, Georgia, has been the scene of a destructive conflagration, which consumed nearly the entire place. Fourteen large stores and warehouses with valuable contents, with other tenements, were burnt to the ground.

GEN. SHUMAN'S ESCAPE.—Gen. Shuman, who was taken prisoner by the Mexicans at Buena Vista, and carried to the interior of Mexico, has arrived at Matamoras and been robbed of fifteen hundred dollars. Col. Cushing had issued most pungent orders for the government of Matamoras, with the view of putting an end to the disturbances so long prevailing there.

OPENING THE JALAPA ROAD.

The Baltimore Sun has been a letter from a young officer who accompanied the expedition of reconnoissance through the passes of the Jalapa Road, stating that the Mexicans had erected a series of fortifications extending along the road, with occasional intervals, for several miles. These fortifications consisted of a hastily constructed, but efficient stockades. It is stated that our dragoons, some three hundred in number, on approaching the passes, dismounted, and scrambling up the mountains, attacked the fortifications pell mell, drove the Mexicans ahead, and destroyed the entire works erected during a line of some two or three miles.

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FROM GENERAL TAYLOR.

Despatches from General Taylor have been received at Washington, and they pay the proper tribute to the gallant conduct of Col Morgan, of the Ohio Volunteers, in the engagement at Agua Frio. General Taylor reports that his command remains with the rear is now mountain pass, on the 20th ult. A train arrived on the 24th, under escort of the 1st Kentucky regiment, and another was daily expected. It is understood that the regular cavalry of Duncan had retired from that position, under the impression a natural result of the retreat of the main army to Monterey, but that Gen. Taylor, on learning the state of the case, had ordered them back. The subsistence department at Matamoras had been robbed of fifteen hundred dollars. Col. Cushing had issued most pungent orders for the government of Matamoras, with the view of putting an end to the disturbances so long prevailing there.

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Miscellaneous.

NUTRIMENT.—The following table of the amount of nutritious matter in different grains, is well worth preservation for reference

100 lbs. Wheat contain	97 lbs	the nutritious matter.	
do Rye	90	do	do
do Oats	80	do	do
do Barley	83	do	do
do Beans	90 to 92	do	do
do Peas	97	do	do
do Meat, average	35	do	do
do Potatoes	25	do	do
do Beets	14	do	do
do Carrots	14	do	do
do Parsnips and Turnips	12	do	do
do Bread	90	do	do

JERSEY TOMATOES.—The shrewdness of the Jersey Yankees is proverbial all over the world, and it has been generally conceded that they can "swindle" in almost any society. We heard the other day a dispute between the Camden and Weat Jersey Yankees. Mr. Halsted, in his argument before the Chancellor, on the injunction case, referring to some transactions in which he was concerned in the Transportation Company, said he had always understood that Jersey Yankees, of all other Yankees, manifested the greatest cunning, but it was generally conceded that *a Newark Yankee could beat all Eaton hollow.—Trenton State Gazette.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.—Some of the leading English papers, in a long article, speak of the decline in the affairs of this country. A late number of the London Illustrated News contains a portrait of Colonel Fremont, with a biographical sketch, in the course of which the writer states, that the Colonel was recently appointed to the office of Lieut. General of the United States. This announcement, too, in a recent number, perpetrated the following —

"In the United States, from an apprehension of the spread of Popery, the Bible is now read in the English Channel at 10d4dpr per bushel.

COTTON.—The market has exhibited more firmness this week, and about 500 bales have changed hands since our last traverse at full former rates.

	New Orleans.	Upland.
Middling,	10¾a11	11 a11¼
Fair,	11¼a11½	11¾a12
Good Fair,	12a12½	12 a12¾
The arrivals in April were—		
From Charleston,	Bales	1615
" New Orleans,	"	1466
" Savannah,	"	1000
" Mobile,	"	191
" North Carolina,	"	109
	Total,	5180

DOMESTIC GOODS.—Demand moderate, at former prices

EXCHANGE.—Sterling Bills sold to a fair extent early in the week at 6¼a7 per cent. prem, but to-day these rates are hardly supported.

FREIGHTS.—There is a moderate request at 40s3ds for flats to good Western.

FISH.—Mackerel have again been in active request with sales from vessels and stores to some extent at 8@9a11 50 for No. 1; $7a7,25 for No. 2, and $5a5,75 for No. 3 per bbl.

FREIGHTS.—The great number of vessels now in port has caused a dullness in the freight market, and we quote Sarde for Hawe, and 15s3d for Oran to Liverpool.

FRUIT.—Several cargoes of Shaily have arrived this week, and sales have been made of 1000 boxes Naples Oranges at $2,50, and of Lemons at $2,75 per box; also a cargo of Palermo on terms not made public. Near 100 bags of Messina sold at 9c.

GUANO.—Considerable sales of Guano early in the week at $30 per ton, have greatly reduced the stock, and holders now ask $38a40 per ton.

HEMP.—The market is very poorly supplied, and we hear of no new importations.

HIDES.—We hear of no transactions this week.

IRON.—Common sorts of Scotch Pig Iron, but only a moderate business has been doing this week.

LEAD.—Sales of 2500 pigs, Western, at 4¼, 6 mos. Arrived 5005 pgs.

LUMBER.—Supplies more moderate in all counters, with a good demand at former prices. Shipd 2 cargoes. The high region up to 24th ult., 2,324,003 feet.

MOLASSES.—Sales of 80 hhds. and 50 bbls. at 24c. Also sales of 180 Puerto Rico at 27½c; 300 Curaçoa on terms not made public, 100 Muscovado at 24¼, and 150 barrels New Orleans at 27½c, all 4 mos.

The imports in April were—

From	Hhds	Tcs	Bbls
Matanzas,	1450	60	0
Cardenas,	1000	30	0
Porto Rico,	567		
Curaçoa,	1000		
N. Jago,	60		
New Orleans,	110		400
Total,	2975	97	470

NAVAL STORES.—Tar and Pitch the sales have been almost to earnest. Rosin, two cargoes reserved, sold at 65c. Spirits of Turpentine—dull at 44c.

OILS.—Whale is in fair demand, with sales to some extent in casks and bbls at 30a32c. For Sperm—No change. Linseed has sold readily at 70a72c. Also, 1 account of Bordeaux Salad Oil, 300 baskets sold at 85 per basket.

PLASTER.—Continues dull, with several cargo sales at $2½a2,50 per ton.

RICE.—Prices steady with a fair demand

SALT.—A sale of 1000 sacks Liverpool Ground at $1

SEEDS.—There has been but little activity in the market for Clowerseed, and the sales have only been in small parcels at 5a5¼c. Timothy has sold at $1,50 a1,75¼.

SPIRITS.—Two cargoes of French Brandy have arrived this week, and one sales on the wharf at $1,06 for Bordeaux, $1,37a1,374 for United Proprietor's Rectific, and $1,50a1,50 for Fine Castillon & Co., and some old at $2,30a2,50 per gallon. Gin is steady. N. Y. Rum is scarce. Whiskey has sold at 20a30 cts in hhds and bbls.

SUGARS.—Have been in better demand, and we note sales of 300 hhds Cuba, Muscovado, at 5¾a6c; 200 do Nonesuch, Gpcdst.; 100 do Cuba, at a price not stated; 100 New Orleans at 5¾a6c; 1,000 barrels Porto Rico at 7¼a7½c, and 500 bags and bbls white Brazil at 8a8½c all on the usual credit.

SUGAR HOUSES.

Editor of the Public Ledger.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, though not recommended by the usual puffing system, have obtained a second reputation in everything of the kind, especially in the COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA, and have been used in connection with his TONIC VERMIFUGE or Alterative, with the most perfect success in the cure of every complaint.

These medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. may 8-3t

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Mrs. Hewes, who had been severely afflicted for several years with Asthma, dyspepsia, &c., and recently with an affection of the throat and chest.

BALTIMORE, Va., Dec. 12, 1845.

MESSRS. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: I have used your Sarsaparilla, my sufferings were almost past relief, and I am happy to say that I have received more benefit from it than I could not speak above a whisper, and could only talk in that manner for a few minutes without great distress in the head, so that my hearing was very much impaired. I have used your Expectorant, and find my voice restored and my throat is now well. I am no less than thankful for the benefit I have received, and put in the most quiet domicity. My throat has been well about twelve months, and I have not had a cough since. Signed by the use of your Sarsaparilla. Yours, &c.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York.

For sale by Jayne & Dunning, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Price $1 per bottle. Six bottles for five dollars.

DR. RORY'S VEGETABLE BALSAMIC REMEDY, for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Menstrual Diseases, Ulcers, Erysipelas and Scrofula, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood.

The wonderful success which this superior preparation has met with in the cure of the above diseases, has induced us as an effectual remedy for the above diseases. There are certificates in our possession, bearing the names of *Surrogate Hall*, and *Spencer*, of this city, and others, with such we do not wish to interfere; but we know that, however important and respectable they are, among them can be used, which, upon trial, will prove more satisfactory than the names of those who have used it.

A pamphlet may be obtained of Agents containing certificates evidence of its superior virtues and efficacy.

Prepared and sold by the Proprietors, Dr. Rory, No. 21 North SIXTH street, Philadelphia. *Price* 50 cents per bottle. $5 per dozen.

Beware of Imitations; see that each label has the signature of the proprietor of three. R. RORY.

Baltimore, April 30.—We note an active demand and the hand, equal to $6,200a6,25 net, averaging, about $4,75 per 100 lbs. The sales of the week are 1,000 bbls. and 1,000 boxes, which is in advance on the quotations of last week.

Corn.—The receipts of the week are moderate, and the market ruled quiet. Sales of 10,000 bushels, at 60c. per bushel, averaging about $5,70a6,00 per 100 lbs. Whiskey.—The sales are 1,000 bbls. at 24c. per gallon.

NEW YORK MARKETS, May 1

ASHES.—Small sales of Pots were reported at $5,124, and Pearls most in the old stock at $5,75. Receipts since the opening of the river have amounted to about 1000 bbls.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour.—Small sales of Genesee were reported at $5,50, though holders ask $5,56a5,62½. Sales of 1000 bbls Ohio at $5,25a5,31½. Rye.—We have no sales reported at $3,75, and Michigan at $3,50, in store. Corn.—Sales of 25,000 bushels Southern mixed at 57½a58c, and 12,000 bushels Genesee sold to arrive in May, at 60c. Wheat.—Sales of 1000 bushels Ohio at $1,05, and 1000 do to July, at $1,06. 1000 do to arrive, at 98c. Barley cannot much, at $2,00. 500 do rates do sold, to arrive, in May, at $2,00. Oats.—Sales of 1000 bushels at 37½a38c. Corn.—We report sales of 5000 Northern private at 60c. 5000 do sold at 60c, and 20,000 to arrive next week, on terms we did not learn; 10,000 do sold mixed, to arrive in June, at 58c. Whiskey.—Sales of 10,000 bushels of Ohio and mixed sold at $1,40. Corn Meal.—The article was firm at $4,75. Rye.—We report sales of 4000 bushels in the city at 91c. Barley, to arrive, was worth 90c. Oats remained firm. The sales of Steel, Kiser were made at 90c.

Beef.—The market was quiet and steady. Sales of pork were almost confined exactly to the retail trade. We heard only of two lots of old, including 70 bbls of prime, which was reported sold at $12 00, and 50 do at $15. Now more we quote at $16,25, and new prime at $13,75a14. Fresh dairy Butter, on arrival, sells at 9a10c, and Orange county at 9a10c.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 26th April to the 1st May.

April 26, received from

P. L. Johnson	$2 00	J. Williams	2 00
C. Spade	2 00	W. S. Dennis, Jr.	2 00
A. A. Rowe	2 00	C. T. Parry	2 00
Miss Moultrie	1 00	W. E. McDowell	2 00
Miss M. E. Alwin	2 00	J. C. & T. T. Warner	2 00
T. Terrill	2 00	J. F. Bullock	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	F. Thompson	2 00
C. Wilson	2 00	W. W. Ireland	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	J. Hamilton	2 00
A. P. Allen	2 00	J. Dewitt	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	B. Ames	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	C. L. Bogle	2 00
J. J. Barnes	2 00	C. G. Hall	2 00
W. D. Fuller	10 00	E. Knight	2 00
C. D. Farrar	2 00		

April 27.

J. Keeler	2 00	H. Cuyner	1 50
J. Mallerson	2 00	W. W. Bennett	2 00
J. Davis	2 00	H. J. Roper	2 00
Miss C. Exter	1 00	J. Hopper	2 00
W. Gilton	1 00	B. D. Pyle	4 00
D. P. Lewis	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	A. D. Simon	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	A. D. Simon	2 00
W. P. Haywood	1 00	A. G. Willson	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
H. D. Hager	1 00	J. Hall	2 00
W. Van Derveer	2 00	T. D. Sheppard	2 00

April 28.

J. Supplee	1 00	W. Johnson	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	T. T. Hunt	2 00
W. Nelson	1 00	W. McNeily, Jr.	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
J. Evans	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	J. Hall	2 00
J. Chevreau	2 00	L. A. Bailey	10

Selected Poetry.

A QUAKER VALENTINE.

A young gentleman, a short time previous to the 14th February, received a dainty little envelope, addressed, in a delicate feminine hand, to "the handsomest young man in the world." But on the morning Valentine's Day, he received the following *friend-ly* epistle, expressly from the hand of some "quiet-sweet" damsel :—

I hope, dear William, thou'll excuse
This liberty of mine,
And that thou'll not think me bold
To send a VALENTINE.

Then know it is a privilege
That we our young maidens use,
Each fourteenth day of second month,
Our own true loves to choose;
Yet, William, still I feel not dared
To send these lines to thee,
Had not thine eyes so oft declared
The love thou feels for me.

I've heard, but I believe it not,
That thou'rt a fickle youth,
Who doth not always love the more
The fuss encourag'ing truth.

That even now, there is a maid
Who draws thy heart from me,
Where fair and rich, and yet not so staid
As Quaker Damsels be.

I'll not believe such idle tales,
Thy heart is mine I know,
For then has taken many ways
Thy kind regards to show.

Then didst on First Day draw thy church
Friends' meeting house to see,
And this I know then only didst
In hope of seeing me.

And, William, thou must never think
That I for others care,
I can not even let thy friend
In my affections share.

My mother calls him "comely youth,"
And thinks he'd look quite wise
In Quaker coat and white topped boots,
And her white bow knot bow.

But verily, I'm sure indeed
He don't compare with thee—
For he doth stoop—but then set straight
"As a young poplar tree."

My father says I must be kind
To neighbor Barney's son,
And Samuel Tiff'ny too, he likes,
But that my heart has won.

When next to meeting thee does come,
One thing then must beware,
My sunrise ways, it is not right
In meeting house to stare.

She said, First Day then when she came home—
That Theodore and thee,
Looked over on the women's side
More than she liked to see.

I hope thee'll send an answer soon,
When thee my lines dost read,
For I slight less than thee does that
I'm very bold indeed.

Choice Selections.

THE MEXICAN RACE.

There has been nothing, during the progress of the present war, that has caused so much surprise, or occasioned such frequent remark, as the revolutions and counter-revolutions at the city of Mexico. Three or four different governments have succeeded each other in the short space of eighteen months. To-day Farias is in power, as yesterday Paredes was, and before him Herrera. In one hour a successful counter-plot ceases to be the first man in the republic, in another he falls to obscurity, perhaps to a prison, or to death. The spectacle reminds one of the shifting scenes of a theatre, or of the incidents of eastern tale, where, by the same turn of the wheel, the caged-driver rises to a monarch, and the fallen monarch to a slave.

We cannot understand this seemingly puzzling condition of things, without looking a little more closely at the Mexican character than has been usual hereabove. It seems almost incredible to an Anglo-Saxon mind, that any people could be so engaged in plotting against an enemy in thunder-ing at their gates. But here is the solution of the mystery. The Americans and the Mexicans come of two different races. The one, from the hour when it first made its appearance on the stage of history and encountered the persians which the Romans had lost by intermarriage and the consequent decay of their stock, up to the present hour, has been distinguished for indomitable courage, for great perseverance, for an unquenchable love of country; the other has inherited much its Arab blood, the wild and turbulent spirit, conquered with the vindictive hatred, of the Islamaelites of the world.

For the Mexican race—we speak now of the Spanish portion of it and not of the Indians—is strongly tinged with the blood of the desert. Little doubt now exists that Spain, or Lusitania as it was called by the Romans, was at the time of its conquest by the latter, settled by a people of Moorish descent. We know that it had been extensively colonized by the Carthaginians, and believe that event, it is probable, from its contiguity to Africa, that it had been occupied by the Arabs; at any rate that it was one of the habitations and resorts of the population forces the into then the Lusitanians were, in reality, Moors, or at least, belonged to the same great family. The invasion of the Goths and the decline of the Roman Empire, did not change the character of this population; indeed intrusions never do, unless conversions follow; the masters may be different, but the body of the people continue the same; witness Ireland under the Anglo-Saxons, England under the Normans, and Mexico under the Spanish conquests. Hence, with various admixtures of Roman, Gothic and other blood, the greater part of the population of Spain, especially in the southern provinces, was of Arab blood. The subsequent intercourse of the Moors and their successors and tended to nurture the common stock. We are a plain physiognomical fact, easily capable of being disproved if untrue, that we say that the Spanish conquerors, and especially the immigrants who followed after them, had more Arab than any other kind of blood in their veins. And this constituted a large portion of the qualities peculiar to that great branch of the human family.

Yet there is what is rare that is ordinarily supposed. All history proves that certain inherent characteristics pertain to different nations; that those characteristics exist independent of circumstance and indeed in defiance of them; and that moreover they are transmissible from generation to generation, scarcely like qualities of race, and descending even to animals of a lesser grade than man. The Tartar of to-day is the same individual described by Oriental writers three score years ago, and displays the same attributes whether roaming in the desert or seated on a conquered throne. The Greek of the nineteenth century is the Greek of the days of Homer. The Israelite can draw the Romance he now speaks from the pure Attic tongue of Pericles. The German, as described by Tacitus as the second century of the Christian era, to the exact counterpart of the German now, allowing for differences of education and government. The Gallic race of pure blood under Louis Philippe might sit for the portrait of a Gaul, as drawn by the inimitable pen of Cæsar in his Commentaries. So Hallam, in his Middle Ages, Charles Edward to Preston Pans charged in the very manner their ancestors of eighteen hundred years before. Mexicans may change in manners and alter, but races of men are always the same. As far back as we can go in history we find the Arab to be the Arab, just as he remains to this day, and as far forward as we can conjecture we are justified in supposing that he will still continue the same.

The Mexican race, we shall find, in true to its parentage in many of its leading traits, and many of the peculiarities of the Arab physiognomy and frame, but most of the characteristics for which these sons of the desert have been celebrated since they first burst forth under Islamism. Do we want a name for proudly-born Europe they call it Arab treachery; in America they call it Indian. We wish to speak of a nation divided against itself—abroad they cite the turbulency of the Saracens, here the revolutions and counter-revolutions in Mexico. Do we desire to conjure up the figure of a desperate marauder?—no one continent they refer to the plunderers of the desert, on the other to savage chiefs. The Arab will lie in wait for his prey and shoot him from behind a rock; the Mexican horseman lingers in a chapparal and cuts his unsuspecting enemy with a lasso. How different, in all respects, the Anglo-Saxon! He is for a fair, open, honorable fight, even in a street brawl he will not allow a man who is down to be struck. Indeed, the Anglo-Saxon and the Mexican are at the opposite poles of the human race. The one is frank and unsuspecting, the other deceitful and suspicious The one succeeds best by downright force of character; the other by cunning, intrigue, and all the arts of chicanery. The Anglo-Saxons always gain their advantages by open or honest purchase; the Mexicans leave the character, in despair, of being among the most subtle diplomatists in the world. The different characters of the two races may be seen in the dispositions of the populations of the two in this war. Santa Anna is a bonafide, Gen. Taylor-mented; yet the former is the fugitive, the latter the victor.

From time immemorial the Arab race, in all the various branches, has been celebrated for its inordinate love of liberty, and for its impatience of the restraints of law. Its history is one of feuds and private gains, and but one common and hereic sentiment, and that was that each citizen must die for his country. But the Arabs under the Caliphs, as well as the Moors in Granada, quarrelled with and murdered each other when their very towns were under siege. Thus it is at this moment. The Anglo-Saxons have long begged peregrine from the country, came riding down the hill like a race-horse, swinging his sword high in the air, and hurling at us the old battle-cry, "*Hop! step! Captain, step!*" The student reminded of the young gentleman who, in the days of his boyhood, was accused on credibly to his course, without veering a point in the compass, and when the wonderful power of gravitation was discovered. But in Mexico, even while our armies are in a higher key, shouted loudly enough almost to awake the tenants of the tomb, "*Hollow! I say, hollow!*" Mexico Gazette. *So far thunder, step!*" The second bullet had no more effect than the first, other than to attract the attention of the passengers, who, beginning to feel the full force of the vapor engine, the public-wheels of the steamer were revolving more and more swiftly, and the only reply was a contemptuous look from their rapid rip, dip, and the gruff cough of her escape-pipe.

It seemed at this moment as if the poor fellow would "go distracted." The passengers took no notice of despair with which he turned his eyes from the steamer, as he saw that all prospect of getting on board was gone. Kennebec in a moment more, and he had run and hallowed himself out of breath, till he was so weak he could hardly stand; and what was to be done next he knew not. He was now in the middle of the river, and the tide was running down stream, and mingled with big drops of perspiration that coursed down his face, together with the dead water, the current was bearing him in the opposite direction; a new suit of which he had evidently dressed that day for the first time; he was clearly, as Sam Weller would say, "a suffering victim to love." He had run and hallowed himself out of breath, till he was so weak he could hardly stand; and what was to be done next he knew not. He was now in the middle of the river, and the tide was running down stream, and